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THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.
Honorary President, Boys' Brigade, Scotland.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

The Boys' Brigade, which is spreading all over the United States and Canada, had its origin in Glasgow, Scotland. It is a religious society with a military organization. Its object is, according to the constitution, the advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys, and the promotion of habits of discipline, self-respect and all that tends towards true Christian manliness. Every member is bound in honor and duty to govern his conduct by the following rules: To read his Bible every day; to abstain from liquor and tobacco; never to use profane language and to avoid the company of those who do; always to prefer duty to either pleasure or inclination; to obey strictly the Company rules; to endeavor constantly to maintain the kindness, courtesy and Christian confidence that should prevail in a company of Christian boys.

On the 4th of October, 1883, twenty-eight boys and three teachers in a Sunday-school in the North-West District of Glasgow met together and called themselves "The Boys' Brigade," and in the ten years that have elapsed since then, this simple beginning has grown into a regularly-constituted organization, with headquarters in Glasgow, Scotland; and also in San Francisco, Chicago and Boston, and now numbers 21,000 boys in Glasgow alone, with 490 companies. The growth in

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

has been so rapid, that it has outrun any reliable figures. At the close of 1892 there were 112 companies in the United States, with an estimated attendance of about 4,000 boys. This did not include fully as many more company organizations in different parts of the country who had not reported to headquarters. The original Brigade in Scotland was constituted of boys between twelve and seventeen years of age, who were members of some Sunday-school or Christian organization. This movement originated in 1883, and was the conception of W. A. Smith, of the First Lanark Rifles, Glasgow, Scotland. Mr. Smith had been a member of a military company for a number of years, and was interested in Sunday-school work. He recognized the fact that the boys, after reaching the age of sixteen years, drifted away from the Church, and it occurred to him that a military organization in connection with the Sunday-school might prove attractive to them. With this end in view, he called together the twenty-eight boys and three teachers. His success was marked from the beginning. Its simplicity and practical nature commended it to many who were interested in boys, and the organization rapidly grew to its present membership.

In the organization of the Brigade are three distinct factors: First, the Company, second, the Battalion, and third, the Brigade. The Company is a detachment, of boys connected with each church or school. It has a local designation, and is numbered according to the order of formation. These companies are connected with Protestant denominations, and, although the Brigade is undenominational, it is part of the constitution that each individual company must be connected with a Church, Mission or other Christian organization. Wherever there are three or more companies, a Battalion is formed. The officers of the Company form the Battalion Council. The term "Brigade" which is used very frequently with a wrong meaning, embraces the whole organization. A Company is designated as, "The First Detroit Co. of the Boys' Brigade."

Prof. Henry Drummond, Hon. Vice-President of the Boys' Brigade, says:—

"Contrary to the somewhat natural impression, the Boys' Brigade

DOES NOT TEACH THE ART OF WAR

nor does it foster or encourage the war spirit. It simply implies military organization, drill and discipline, as the most stimulating and interesting means of securing the attention of the boys, and of establishing in them self-respect, chivalry, courtesy and the host of kindred virtues. To teach drill is not to teach the art of war nor is the drill spirit a war spirit." The true aspiration in teaching the Brigade could not be better summarized than in this quotation from its efficient leader:—

Our boys are full of earnest desire to be true men, and if you want to make them brave, true, Christian men, we must direct this desire in the right channel, and show them that in the service of Christ they will find the bravest, truest life it is possible for them to live. The foundation of the Boys' Brigade is laid on this idea: To win boys for Christ by presenting them with that view of Christianity to which we know their natures will most readily respond. There are points where religious teaching directly comes in. Every company being connected with some existing Christian organization, the boys are urged to attend whatever Bible class exists, and wherever no existing interest is conflicted with, the captains usually provide a class of their own. These special company classes are a part of the work, and are usually attended by a very large percent of the boys, who are members of the Company. The work of the Brigade is divided in Scotland into two principal departments: the military drill, and the Bible class work. In the United States a department has been added, known as the Missionary Society. The drill is in all essential parts a regular military drill, and the boys are expected to yield perfect obedience to discipline. The drill differs only as to location. In England and Canada the drill is that of the officers and soldiers in Her Majesty's service. In the United States it is the official United States Infantry tactics. In addition to the drill department supervision is made over the physical development of the boy. Athletic clubs are formed. The various setting up exercises of the United States Infantry tactics, and other gymnastic systems are adopted. Summer camps are organized, which are conducted under the care and attention of the officers of the Church.

One of the most interesting features of the work is the "Ambulance Drill," in which the study of anatomy and physiology is simplified and brought before the boy to enable him to be of assistance in cases of emergency.

This portion of the work has been developed to a very high state of perfection. The organization of drum corps, bands for street parade, etc., is encouraged. Everything that would tend to the development of the manly side of the boy is fostered under the auspices of the Church. Reading and club rooms have also been formed by some companies, and are valuable social and educational influences. In Glasgow the work has drawn to itself the attention of some of the ablest thinkers of the day. The Earl of Aberdeen, the Hon. President of the Boys' Brigade, is an enthusiastic friend of the work. Among the Vice Presidents we find the names of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, the Right Honorable Lord Kinnaird, General Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Thomas Clark, and Prof. Henry Drummond, whose able pen has been enlisted in this work, and who has contributed quite largely to its literature. The President is J. C. Alston, No. 9 Loraine Gardens, Glasgow. Mr. W. A. Smith, the originator of the movement is the Brigade Secretary, with headquarters at No. 68 Bath street, Glasgow, Scotland.

THE HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT

in the United States begins with the organization of the First San Francisco Company, August 10th, 1889. Previous to this there was one Company formed in Minneapolis, but for some reason the work was given up. After a few months of drilling the Second San Francisco Company and the First Alameda were organized and very soon after a temporary organization was formed, which has since grown into its present magnitude. The Rev. J. Q. Adams, San Francisco, Cal., is president of the Boys' Brigade in America, and A. H. Fish,

W. A. SMITH,
The Founder of the Boys' Brigade.

The Ambulance Corps at Work. Company Drill. A Young Officer.

SCENES IN THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

of the same city, Brigade Secretary. The work in the United States developed under the fostering care of these gentlemen. Companies were formed in other cities, notably Chicago and Cincinnati. In Chicago, under the care of Rev. Howard H. Russell, of Armour Mission, seven Companies were organized, uniformed and brought to a condition of perfect discipline. In Cincinnati the Rev. Johnston Meyers organized seven Companies in connection with the mission work of his church. These Companies have all united with the general organization.

The field of the United States having been found too large to be handled by a single headquarters, was divided into three sections, the Western, the Central and Eastern, each with a vice-President, General Secretary and members of the executive committee. The President and Brigade-Secretary have charge of the Western Division, and are the head of the organization. General O. O. Howard is the vice-President of the Central division, Rev. Howard H. Russell, Secretary. The Eastern division is in charge of the Rev. Willard E. Waterbury, as vice-President. T. Frank Fernald as Secretary. For the last year the work has grown with great rapidity, numerous Companies forming in all parts of the United States, twenty-seven states and three territories being represented in recent reports.

THE CANADIAN ORGANIZATION

is under the charge of the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham of St. Johns, Canada, as President, and T. W. Nesbit, of Sarnia, Canada, as Brigade Secretary. There are some twenty-three or four Companies reported at Headquarters, and a large number of Companies now forming.

The organization has its literature, which has been brought to perfection by the ablest writers of the day. It supports a very handsome monthly magazine in Scotland, *The Boys' Brigade Gazette*, and is represented in the United States and Canada by *The Boys' Brigade Courier*, a weekly international sixteen page illustrated paper, published in Detroit. It has also a monthly paper, *The Bulletin*, published on the Pacific coast, while a number of the Companies connected with churches have small papers devoted to the work.

The growth of the organization bids fair to outrun anything of a similar nature brought into the Christian work. The reports from the different churches having a company of the Boys' Brigade in connection with their Sunday-school are very encouraging. They report increased attendance, and a higher order of morality on the part of the boys, and better than all this, frequent accessions to the church. A careful study of the work for two years prompts the following deductions: The Boys' Brigade offers a safe and sure method of holding the boys during that time when they are most liable to slip away from the church influences. The military features of the work develops the physical nature of the boy; the discipline develops his love of order and his willingness to obey the commands of his superiors. The organization of the Company is such that it permits the teachers to get in close touch with the boys, and if rightly organized the Bible class can be made one of the most efficient methods of saving the boys.

The vastness of the field and the rapid growth of this work prevents anything more than a brief summary of its essential points.—*Charles B. Morrell, editor of The Boys' Brigade Courier.*

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

Why are there so few child members in our churches? Mr. Moody says "there is more infidelity in the Church on the subject of child Christians than on any other." Facts seem to bear out his statement. In a certain locality, pre-eminent in Church life, out of 384 churches, in which there are 40,374 members, only 1,045 are under eighteen years of age, and only 80 under fourteen years of age. Out of 191 churches in another locality, with a membership of 13,242, there is not one under fourteen years of age. A state of things similar to this prevails everywhere. Mr. Moody does not err in laying the blame of it upon the Church. The children themselves would flock into the Church, if there were no hindrances; but Church sentiment is against it. Here and there are noble exceptions,—as the lamented Spurgeon, who made the statement that he received into the Church each year an average of "fifty children.'

As to the possibility of Christian living on the part of children, let us not say, "Except ye become as men and women, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Christ did not say that. He would not have made the child the standard if he had not known and believed in the possibility of Christian living in the young. "These little ones that believe,"—they will not be dwarf men and women, but children still, fond of play, plainly showing that they are struggling against selfishness, ill-temper, and untruthfulness. They will not be perfect Christians any more than the older people are. Their lives, however, will be scrutinized as no adult Christian would endure, or, perhaps, could endure. Is it kind? Is it fair?

What is the Church waiting for, in holding back the children? Is it not meantime losing a great opportunity? Mr. Spurgeon has said: "Capacity for believing lies more in the child than in the man. We grow less, rather than more, capable of faith. Every year brings the unregenerate heart farther away from God, and makes it less capable of receiving the thing of God." Undoubtedly every Church should provide special means for the training of its youngest members. In saying this we do not set at naught the Sunday-school. Instead, we pronounce it the grandest agency for evangelizing the world yet instituted, because it is designed specially for influencing the young. The old rabbis used to say, "The life of the Church is in the breath of the children." But, plainly, something besides the Sunday-school is needed; something more than teaching is needed,—training in Church life, in all that pertains to its duties and work. It is said, "The way to make patriots is to grow them." The same rule will hold good in regard to active, earnest Christians. How shall the process be carried on? Undoubtedly every Church should have its Christian band, or children's class meeting, or Junior Christian Endeavor Society.

Previous to the organization of the Junior Endeavor Society, there were some Churches and individuals interested actively in the work for children, notably The Children's Monday Club, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and The Children's Christian Band, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. Each of these was attended, or, we might say, has been attended, by several hundreds of children year in and year out. Several years' experience in conducting a similar meeting enables me to make some practical suggestions. As far as possible, let the children carry on the work. It is their meeting. One of their number should preside; another should play the organ or piano. The older persons should keep in the background, working through the children, guiding them to carry their parts. Adult visitors should not be admitted, for reasons that are patent to all. It could hardly be expected that the children should know how to use the whole hour of the meeting profitably; they have not sufficient experience or information to do so. At this juncture the help of the older friend present (one hardly likes to say leader) will be needed. This assistance may wisely be given upon several different lines, such as the history of the English Bible, the geography of Bible lands, Bible chronology given according to Chautauqua methods, with blackboard and illustrative materials.

At one meeting of the month let temperance lessons be given, on which occasion the exercises peculiar to bands of hope and loyal legions could be carried out. In another meeting missionary work could be made the special topic. At another meeting, lessons of the humane treatment of animals might be given, while the children would be expected to report the kind and unkind acts they had read about or witnessed during the month. On such an occasion all of the functions of a band of mercy might be carried on. In this connection the publications of the American Humane Society of Boston are to be recommended. A meeting of this kind is the best possible place, outside of the home, for instruction in the catechism; for here it can be explained and illustrated in an attractive manner.

The plan of the Junior Endeavor Society is to have a number of committees, such as the Lookout Committee, to look up absent members and introduce new ones the prayer-meeting Committee, to arrange for leaders of the meetings; the Book Committee, to have the care of the Bibles and song-books used in the meeting, attending to their distribution, and after the meeting, to laying them away; the Sunshine Committee, to visit the sick, and carry flowers and dainties; the Social Committee, to welcome strangers, etc.; the Missionary Committee, to suggest ways and means by which interest in home and foreign missions can be sustained, and to collect papers, etc., for hospitals; the Order Committee, to aid in keeping order during the meeting; the Scrap-book Committee, to gather materials for scrap-books,—pictures, clippings,—and to enlist others in putting them together for the use of sick members, or to be sent to hospitals; the Relief Committee, to collect garments for destitute children; the Music Committee, to have charge of the singing in the meeting; the Birthday Committee, to keep account of birthdays of the members, and to offer special prayer when these occasions occur. A Temperance Committee should be added. The reports of these several committees from time to time will provide excellent material for using the time of the meetings.—*Sunday-school Times.*

YOUR BOY'S FRIEND.

A certain father had long and earnest prayer about a bad son, but no mark of grace appeared in his character. Seeking for advice, the parent received this counsel:—"My friend, your prayers won't do that boy any good unless you give him a good deal more of your companionship. Make yourself actively his friend; take an intelligent interest in all his affairs, and he won't seek for other company."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—MAY 21, 1893.

AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.—Prov. 23:29-35.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 29, 32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." —Proverbs 20:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 23:29-35.—Against Intemperance.
T. Daniel 1:1-20.—A Total Abstinence Boy.
W. Jer. 35:1-19.—A Total Abstinence Family.
Th. Isaiah 28:1-15.—The Drunkards of Ephraim.
F. Isaiah 5:11-25.—Judgments Denounced.
S. Hab. 2:12-20.—Woe to the Drunkard Maker.
S. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.—Make not thy Brother to Offend.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Sorrow in the Cup. vs. 29, 30.
II. Poison in the Cup. vs. 31, 32.
III. Delirium in the Cup. vs. 33-35.

TIME.—About B.C. 1,000; Solomon king of all Israel.

PLACE.—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Our lesson passage is a vivid picture of what we have all seen again and again. It shows the deadly effects of intemperance, and points out the only way to avoid them. It appears not to those who have already fallen under the baneful influence of the sin, but to those who are yet free from its snares—to the young especially—and warns them to beware of the very first step in the downward way.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

29. *Who hath woe?*—all sin brings misery sooner or later, but strong drink brings terrible sorrow and bitterness. *Contentions*—disputes and quarrels. *Babbling* — foolish talking. *Wounds without cause*—received in drunken quarrels. *Redness of eyes*—bloodshot from drink. 30. *Mixed wine*—wine made stronger by spices. 31. *Look not*—do not go where it is. Touch not, taste not, handle not; do not even look at it, lest you be tempted to taste. *When it is red*—pleasant to the eye and strong to the taste. 32. *At the last*—not at first, or it would not be touched. *Biteth like a serpent*—more painful and deadly. Woe, sorrow, poison, death, are in the cup. If this was all true of the wine of Solomon's time, how much more so of the vile, poisonous liquids that are measured out in the drinking-saloons of our day! 33. *Perverse things*—filthy, foolish things, silly and degrading. 34. *In the midst of the sea*—asleep on a vessel in a storm. At the mercy of the waves. 35. *They have stricken me*—his senses are stupefied; he is insensible to blows. *I will seek it yet again*—lost to shame, more senseless than the brute, the fool rushes to his folly.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Its Golden Text? What practical lessons do you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SORROW IN THE CUP, vs. 29, 30.—What six questions are asked in verse 29? What is the answer to them all? What is *mixed* wine? What warning against wine is given by Paul? Eph. 5:18. To whom does the wine-cup bring sorrow?

II. POISON IN THE CUP, vs. 31, 32.—What warning is given in verse 31? How does wine tempt the eye? What will wine do at the last? What effect has wine-drinking on the health? What effect on the mind and the heart? Why is it wicked to risk life or health needlessly?

III. DELIRIUM IN THE CUP, vs. 33-35.—What clause in the lesson describes the horrible fancies of delirium tremens? The drunkard's unreasonableness? His lack of judgment? His unwillingness to receive advice? His weakness of will? His inability to reform? What is the end of intemperance? 1 Cor. 6:10.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Intemperance is a most fearful evil and sin.
2. There is great danger in the use of intoxicating drinks.
3. We should therefore abstain entirely from their use.
4. We should try to keep others from using them.
5. We should use all means to prevent their sale.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What evils of intemperance are mentioned in verse 29? Ans. Sorrow, contentions, babbling, wounds and redness of eyes.
2. What counsel is given in verse 31? Ans. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.
3. What reason is given for this counsel? Ans. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.
4. How may we avoid the danger of intemperance? Ans. Never taste a drop of intoxicating drink.
5. What should we do to check the evil of intemperance? Ans. Everything in our power to stop the sale and use of intoxicating drinks.

LESSON IX.—MAY 28, 1893.

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.—Prov. 31:10-31.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 26-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. —Prov. 31:30.

HOME READINGS.

M. Prov. 41:10-31.—The Excellent Woman.
T. Ruth 1:1-22.—Ruth.
W. John 12:1-9.—Mary.
Th. Matt. 27:55-66.—The Women at the Cross.
F. John 20:1-18.—The Women at the Sepulchre.
S. Acts 9:36-42.—Dorcas.
S. Acts 16:8-15.—Lydia.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Her Industry. vs. 10-19.
II. Her Unselfishness. vs. 20-26.
III. Her Motherliness. vs. 27-31.

TIME.—About B.C. 700; Hezekiah king of Judah, by whom the last six chapters of Proverbs were collected.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

This passage is in the Hebrew an alphabetical poem, the verses beginning with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet in order. It describes and commends a prudent, wise and industrious woman, and holds her up as an example to all girls who would be noble and true and good.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

10. *Virtuous*—strong and courageous for the right. 11. *No need of spoil*—Revised Version, "no lack of gain." 14. *Bringeth her food from afar*—provides in advance. 15. She diligently attends to expending as well as gathering wealth (verse 16), and hence has means to purchase property. 17, 18. To energy she adds watchfulness in bargains and a steady industry. 20. *Stretcheth out her hand*—to relieve their necessities. 21. *Clothed with scarlet*—referring probably to some well-known articles of dress conspicuous for their color and warmth. 22. *Coverings of tapestry*—Revised Version, "carpets." *Silk*—Revised Version, "fine linen"—the most costly goods. 23. *Known in the gates*—the industry of the wife leaves the husband free to take his place among the elders that sit in councils. 26. *Openeth her mouth with wisdom*—prudent, thoughtful, loving counsel. 28. She is honored of those who know her best. 29. The words of her husband praising her. 30. *Favor*—grace of personal manner. *Feareth the Lord*—the crowning glory of the excellent woman.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Against what great sin did our last lesson warn us? What six evils of intemperance are there mentioned? To what is the poison of the cup likened? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. HER INDUSTRY, vs. 10-19.—What is said of the excellent woman? Who trusts her safely? What will she do for him? How is her industry shown? How does she attend to her household?

II. HER UNSELFISHNESS, vs. 20-26.—What does she do for the poor? How do her words show her unselfishness? How is it shown by her actions? How is she further described?

III. HER MOTHERLINESS, vs. 27-31.—How does she bear herself toward her household? Toward her children? What is said of beauty? What is the crowning virtue of the excellent woman? What commendation is addressed to her? How also will she be praised? What "excellent women" are mentioned in the Bible?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Honest industry is of more value than mere accomplishments.
2. Mental and moral graces are of greater importance than personal beauty.
3. True piety will not slacken attention to temporal duties.
4. The fear of the Lord is the condition of all womanly as well as manly excellence.
5. Personal beauty soon fades and perishes; the fear of the Lord is the beauty of the soul; it endures forever.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is said of the virtuous woman? Ans. Her price is far above rubies.
2. How is her industry described? Ans. She worketh willingly with her hands.
3. What is said of her unselfishness? Ans. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
4. What is said of her words? Ans. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.
5. What is the crowning grace of the excellent woman? Ans. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

UNPARDONABLE HABITS OF HASTE.

How many homes, all over the land, are thrown into a state of confusion and commotion on account of a habit of inertia. It is so easy to lie abed on cold mornings; so much effort is required to arise at a reasonable hour! Morning after morning, therefore, the same unseemly haste is tolerated, both in the making of the hurried morning toilets and in the dispatching of the hastily prepared breakfast. Every member of the family is more or less injuriously affected by this improper, almost vulgar haste, The table is less carefully set; the dishes, knives, forks, etc., are rather strewn over the table than set in place. The food, when hurriedly prepared, is very apt to be scorched or burned; the oatmeal comes to the table with either a raw or burnt taste; ditto the buckwheat cakes. There is positively no time for politeness or table etiquette. Best manners should be every-day manners. It takes time to say "if you please" and "thank you"—each one consequently is allowed to help himself, according to the length of his arms. Who can vouch for the digestion of food eaten under such conditions? The business man swallows his breakfast, snatches his hat and rushes to his office. Will his head be as clear, his strength as unshaken, as if he had risen an hour, or even half an hour earlier, and had thus secured leisure in which to eat his breakfast?

The daughters are perhaps ready to sit down to breakfast as their father leaves the table. They have only time to drink a cup of coffee, and half satisfy their hunger, for they must hurry off to school or be tardy. How many times have they gone to school with scarcely any breakfast at all, even though the school building is too far away to admit of their coming home to dinner There was no time to put up a lunch. They are thus practically without food until late in the afternoon, when they return home tired and famished. The luncheon or dinner hour is past, and they go to the pantry, and again with unseemly haste appease their appetites with various cold articles.

Mamma and the younger children finish their breakfast alone, mamma having arisen countless times in search of this or that article, thereby assisting the tardy ones to haste away to their several places of duty; the younger children, meanwhile, are training themselves to be independent, following the example of their elders. "Oh, Tommy, what a mouthful!" "Mary, how fast you are eating." "How shamefully you use your fingers instead of your fork or spoon." "Have you forgotten that mamma has told you to use your napkin?" But it is in vain to tell children to be neat, polite and thoughtful of their deportment when the very air daily vibrates with examples in the wrong direction. This unseemly haste at breakfast is a far stronger lesson than calm admonitions to the contrary given at noon. It is the example over and always that leaves an impression. Viewed from the æsthetic standpoint alone, the simple vulgarity of this unconscionable haste in the family is deplorable, and the home makers, the indirect nation makers, should resolve to rise above it. It needs only resolution and determination. Think it over, brave mothers, and try the experiment of a reform. You will marvel at the difference in the amount of work which can be satisfactorily accomplished in an hour stolen from the morning compared with that which can be done in an hour stolen from the night. The morning hour seems like the best lubricating oil; by means of it the machinery of daily life is set in harmonious operation, while, if we have it not, the machine creaks and jars, and may eventually snap asunder long ere its legitimate term of usefulness is completed.—*Western Paper.*

A CLEAN KITCHEN TABLE.

One of the most disagreeable sights to a neat and tidy housekeeper is a greasy kitchen table. To avoid this, have several sheets of tin soldered together, placing them on the top of your table, and turn down all round three-fourths of an inch, tacking it down. This will make a smooth edge to your table. Try it, and save labor, time, soap and vexation of spirit.

HOW TO REST A TIRED BACK.

BY KATE CAMPBELL HURD, M. D.

I give you here simple exercises, which require no apparatus.

1. (1) Stand perfectly balanced, heels together, shoulders back—not high—head up, chin as double as possible.

(2) Hands on hips, fingers forward. Take a long breath as slowly as possible, and as slowly exhale, with mouth shut. Repeat ten times.

2. (1) Same position. Heels together, toes turned out, hips firm.

(2) Bend head and back slowly backward, keeping eyes on the ceiling, and arching back well and taking deep inspiration.

(3) Bend forward, still looking at the ceiling, shoulders well back. Repeat ten times.

3. Rotate the head slowly. Bend the head to right and left. Do it all very slowly and forcibly.

4. Arms upward—stretch, keeping them close to the ears. Forward, downward bend, until the finger tips touch the floor; upward, backward bend, always keeping your head between your arms. Repeat five times.

5. Position! Fingers touching shoulders of same side—shoulders well back. Now forcibly extend your arms upward three times, outward three times, forward three times, out and downward. This is like one of the old dumb-bell exercises, but you do not need dumb-bells if you will do the movements with life.

6. Lie flat on your back on the floor and take long, deep inspirations, first making sure that the windows are open and that you are breathing pure air. And, of course, you are not exercising in your corsets. Now, with feet well extended, with hips firm, try to get up without using your arms.

7. Lie face down on the floor, with your hips firm, and see how far you can raise your head and trunk.

8. March up and down the room, extending your arms upward at every fourth step, keeping regular martial time.

9. After a week or two you will be ready for more violent exercises. Lie down, face down, hand on the floor just under your shoulders. Raise your body on your toes and arms, keeping your knees and back perfectly straight. Lower your back to the floor very slowly. Repeat three times.

10. If you have a doorway apparatus, fasten your vaulting bar at the height of your waist line. Stand with your right side to the bar—a stair rail will answer for a bar—extend your arm upward and bend your body to the right against the bar for support. Do the same to the left. Finally, finish your exercise with "breathing." Rub your back with strong, cold brine, and at times alternate with very hot water. Take a glass of warm milk or hot water, go to bed, and ten chances to one you will sleep the entire night without a dream, while your freshly awakened blood will hurry to rebuild broken-down tissues and remove the waste matter of the day. No matter what the cause of your backache; be it from running up and down stairs, steady, prolonged housework, carrying your baby, tending store or whatever—the same exercises are good for you; you will fortify yourself to bear the daily strains however severe.—*Jenness Miller Monthly.*

DRESS AND HEALTH.

Sad it is, but true it is, that the dear women of America, with few exceptions, are a race of invalids. Not bed-ridden, but delicate, feeble, nervous; wearied out by slight exertion, many times, alas, in a chronic state of tiredness; who never know the blessed sensation of rest. As wife, as mother, as citizen, what power in the way of help, influence and accomplishment,—supposing her equal in other respects, has a sick woman beside healthy women?

Not until we learn that body and mind, or body and soul are not separate entities, independent of each other, but that they are wedded so closely that one cannot possibly be impaired without corresponding loss to the other, will this matter of health claim just attention. A woman whose lungs are choked by corsets, whose liver is congested, whose stomach is taken possession of by dyspepsia, whose head throbs with pain, or whose nerves have run away with her will and self-possession and peace of mind, cannot comprehend or appreciate the meaning of truth, justice, and liberty, or impress it upon others with anything like the clearness and force that she could if her body could be an efficient aid, instead of a deplorable clog. You cannot expect a battered, unstrung harp to give forth the harmonies of heaven. Health and freedom of mind and soul must go hand in hand with health and freedom of body, if the coming age is to realize the possibilities of a true and worthful womanhood and manhood.

Aside from other evils which affect their lives, think for one moment how the majority of our women are dressed, from their poor abused heads to their poor abused feet, and cease with me to wonder at their sickly condition. Their poisoned lungs can only flutter and gasp, they cannot draw full, deep inspirations of God's pure air. Their delicate vital organs, compressed and oppressed by wicked corsets are weakened and displaced. Their limbs, yes, and their whole bodies, are fettered and burdened with long, heavy skirts.

I remember once of hearing a gentleman say that he had occasion the evening before to carry the clothes which his wife had worn during the day, from one chair to another, and was utterly astonished at their great weight. "Why," said he, "if I had to carry such a load as that in my office for one day, it would be the hardest day's work I ever did. How can the women endure it!"

Some women have announced in the most practical way that they do not intend to endure the impositions of fashion any longer, and an association of sensible women in Nottingham, England, have adopted for their walking suits skirts several inches above the ankles. According to the *Bazar* English women "are persuading fashionable tailors to make short skirts for their outdoor costumes, natty and trim, and finished with a facing of soft leather, easily cleansed when splashed. It is to be hoped that the day of short skirts for outdoor wear will soon dawn for all healthy women."—*Laws of Life.*

CARE OF THE HAIR.

A dermatologist of high standing says that the proper way to shampoo the head is to use some pure soap, such as castile of the best quality, or glycerine soap, made into a "good lather on the head," with plenty of warm water, and rubbed into the scalp with the fingers, or with a rather stiff brush that has long bristles. When the scalp is very sensitive, borax and water, or the yolks of three eggs beaten in a pint of lime-water, are recommended instead of soap and water. After rubbing the head thoroughly in every direction and washing out the hair with plenty of warm water, or with douches of warm water alternating with cold, and drying the hair and scalp with a bath towel, a small quantity of vaseline or sweet-almond oil should be rubbed into the scalp. The oil thus applied is used to take the place of the oil that has been removed by washing, and to prevent the hair from becoming brittle.

THE VALUE OF SOFAS.

The need of some place to drop down for a moment and forget things is a crying one in most homes. There ought to be enough sofas around to accommodate all the family. Five minutes rest will prevent many a family row, and how can you get it if you have to pull the shams off the bed and roll up the coverlet? A shabby old lounge where you can get at it is worth its weight in gold; and you won't want to die half so many times if you make use of it. The loosening of the tension for ever so few minutes may save your reason some day. Don't go out and try to walk off your worries; don't tell them to your friend, either. Just throw yourself down on the sofa for a little while; shut your eyes and pretend you have not a care. The worries will be lighter before you realize it, your brain will be clearer and your heart stronger to meet those that press closest. Roll the pillow up in a ball or bury your face in it and let a few tears come. If it comforts you as it has done me I will be glad I told you.

MAKING DAINTY SANDWICHES.

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

There are three essentials in making sandwiches. Very nice light bread, home-cured ham, and a very sharp knife. The bread should be cut into paper slices, and the ham into the thinnest shavings. After the crust is cut from the end of the loaf spread the slices with nice fresh butter upon cutting. Have the ham already shaved and as you cut each slice of bread divide it in half, sprinkle one half well with ham on the buttered side, and place on it evenly the other half of the slice, buttered side down; press lightly together and lay on a plate. Continue until you have made all that you want. If the ham, bread, butter and knife are what they should be, you had better make a great many.

The slices of bread may be squared after cutting off the crusts and then divided from corner to corner, making triangles, or the whole slice sprinkled with ham may be rolled up, and tied with narrow ribbons of different shades. This makes a pretty variety in serving sandwiches at an afternoon tea.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

WORK AND WASTE.

George Eliot used to say that the terrible waste which she saw all about her in the world was throughout her life a heavy burden. When will humanity learn that it is waste and not work that results in exhaustion and physical bankruptcy, that it is not so much what is done as how it is done. On this point Dr. Geo. F. Laidlaw says in Werner's *Voice Magazine*:—

"Work, in itself, does not use a great amount of that (vital) power. We can follow the plough for hours, when our muscles are hardened to it, or solve intricate, geometrical problems without much fatigue; whereas, one hour's strong emotion will leave us exhausted. It is not the work which we do that wears, but the energy or the enthusiasm, or the feeling with which we do that work. Emotion is an activity which is deeply rooted in our life-centres. Terror can strike dead, or rob a man of his reason. Anger can reverse the whole digestive process. Suffering or care will pinch the features and consume the bodily strength more quickly than bodily privations with a cheerful mind. These emotions are mighty forces, and draw strongly upon our store of vital power."

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

The following excellent recipes are from the pages of *Table Talk*:—

PRUNE PUDDING.—Soak one pound of prunes over night. In the morning remove the stones, put the prunes in a porcelain-lined kettle with sufficient water to prevent burning, cover the kettle and cook slowly on the back part of the stove until the prunes are perfectly tender; this will take about an hour; then add a cup of sugar and stand aside to cool; when cold press through a colander, or if you have a "Keystone" beater a few revolutions will reduce them to a smooth pulp. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add them to the prunes. Have a quarter of a box of gelatine soaked for half an hour in half a cup of cold water, stand this over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved, stir into the prunes with the whites of the eggs; turn into a mold and stand away to harden. When ready to serve, turn on to a pretty dish and pour around it a custard made from a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. This custard may be very delicately flavored with bitter almond, be very careful only to add a few drops or you will destroy the flavor of the prunes.

CHOCOLATE WAFERS.—This recipe requires care to bring about the proper results: Beat one-quarter of a cup of butter to a cream, add gradually one cup of granulated sugar; beat until white and light, then add two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, teaspoonful of vanilla and one cup of flour. This batter must be exceedingly stiff. If you use pastry flour this will be quite sufficient; if you use bread flour you may have to use a little less. Grease the bottom of a good-sized baking-pan; spread the mixture at the bottom of the pan as thin as paper. Bake in a moderately quick oven, and while hot cut into squares and roll on the pan. Now, this is the part that practice only can make perfect. They must be handled instantly or they will crack in rolling. If you wish to use them in small squares you will find it much easier. Simply cut them on the pan, and with a limber knife loosen and put aside to cool.

LIGHT ROLLS.—Scald half pint of milk, putting into it while hot two ounces of butter; when the milk is lukewarm add one yeast cake, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water; add half teaspoonful of salt and tablespoonful of sugar. Now add sufficient flour, about one cupful, to make a thin batter; stand aside in a warm place for one hour, then stir in the flour until you have a dough. Knead thoroughly, and put back into the bowl, and stand aside again until very light. Now take a sufficient quantity to make a small roll, form gently in your hand, place in greased French-roll pan, and so continue until all are made. Cover the pan and stand in a warm place twenty minutes. When light, brush the tops with milk, and bake in a quick oven about ten minutes. They must be a very moderate color.

THE CONFESSION OF A STINGY MAN.

BY S. J. SMITH.

There is no doubt about it; I was a stingy man. I lived in a mean house, had it poorly furnished, paid my servant the lowest possible wages, and ate the cheapest food that could be found in the market. I gave little to the church, nothing to the needy, and was amassing a fortune for the mere pleasure of its possession. I held mortgages on half the houses in our village, and showed no mercy for the poor creatures who failed to have ready the interest.

Otherwise I was an upright man. I never was known to lie or steal, I refrained from running in debt, kept the Sabbath day holy, and was even deacon of the church which I attended with a regularity that was indeed praiseworthy. I did not understand how I came to be chosen for that office—I presume there was a scarcity of male workers in the church—but I know that I was faithful to all the duties which did not interfere with my own pocketbook.

Our church building was large and grand, having been erected only a year or two previous to my advent in the place; but the Sabbath-school was held in a little old structure adjoining the church, one in which our people had formerly worshipped. This was not large enough to comfortably seat all the children, and they were packed in there every Sunday like sardines in a box. Besides, the ceiling was very low, and on warm days the room was almost undurable. Of course, it was out of the question to have the children meet in the church, and our pastor was making strenuous efforts to collect sufficient money to build a chapel for the little ones. But it was uphill work. Several of our well-to-do families had moved out of the neighborhood, and the few that remained in the church did not feel like bearing all the expenses of the new building. The people in moderate circumstances had been so lately taxed for the church edifice that they were unable just then to give anything extra. Yet our pastor would not relinquish the idea of having a comfortable room for the children. Notice after notice was read that a meeting would be held to talk the matter over, but the people were discouraged, and so few attended that nothing could be done. At last he hit on a new plan. He invited the congregation to a sociable to be held in the Sunday-school room. Then they came out in full force, and the pastor took this opportunity to plead the case with them. Crowded and uncomfortable as were the people that night, they knew it was far worse for the children, for they numbered many more than the grown folks. It was readily agreed that a new building was necessary, but no one could decide how to get the wherewithal for the same. As to my helping in the matter, the idea never occurred to me; my money belonged to me, and not to the church. Therefore I was highly indignant when I heard this remark from one of the brothers: "What is the matter with Deacon Storrs? Isn't he the stingy man? He might build the room himself; he's able."

I was too much insulted to remain longer with the others. I slipped away from the meeting and went unnoticed through a side door into the church. The gas in there had not been lighted, but the moon, beaming through the colored glass of the windows, lent a soft radiance to the holy edifice. I took a seat in a side pew, directly opposite a large window which was the pride of our people. It was of stained glass, and beautiful in design. In the centre was a life-size picture of our Saviour with a little lamb in his bosom. Lit up as it was, it seemed almost like a living person standing there, and the Saviour appeared to be regarding me with a tender, pitying gaze. The longer I looked the more life-like the figure became, and I grew so used to the idea that I was not at all surprised when it slowly descended from the window and stood before me, the little lamb being now transformed into a living child. Laying his unoccupied hand gently on my head, he looked kindly but reproachfully into my face and said in a sweet voice that I shall never forget, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then gradually the form floated back toward the window, and in a moment everything was as it had been—that is, all excepting myself—I felt that I was a changed man; my eyes had at last been opened, and I could see my grievous fault in all its enormity. The words "Suffer the little children" had told me that I had been instrumental in hindering them.

Persons to whom I have since related this wonderful occurrence have declared it was all a dream. Perhaps they were right, but I was not conscious of a going to sleep or even of an awakening; things seemed to slowly change as I sat there in that pew with my eyes wide open. I believe it was a vision sent by God to turn my eyes toward my own shortcomings. However, I remained there for a long time and pondered deeply, honestly, seriously, on myself and my duty. At last I slipped away home without stopping to speak to any person.

About a week later I met one of the deacons, who thus accosted me:

"Brother Storrs, the strangest thing is happening. Ground is being broken for the new chapel for the Sunday-school. No one knows who is having it done, not even the pastor, and the contractor won't tell.

"It does look strange," I answered, and being in somewhat of a hurry, passed on my way.

The following month I surprised myself, my servant and my friends by moving into a house more in keeping with my means. I furnished it comfortably, nearly knocked my servant down with astonishment by doubling her wages, and altogether began to live like other people.

In the meantime the little chapel was growing rapidly and beautifully, and before long the scholars of our school had an assembly room of which we had no reason to be ashamed.

"All that remains now is to discover the generous donor," said the pastor to the children on the day they took possession of the chapel. "Let us bow our heads and ask God to shower blessings on our unknown friend.'

One evening nearly the whole congregation rushed in upon me in my new house and greeted me with: "We've found you out, we've found you out at last!' After inviting them in and making them comfortable, I began to inquire what it all meant. This was told me: Noticing the change in my manner of living, our pastor had suspected that it was I who built the chapel. Of course, he determined to find out the truth. Meeting the contractor near the chapel one morning, he said: "Did Mr. Storrs plan the building himself, or did—"

"Oh, no!" the man answered, supposing that I had confessed at last, "he had an architect."

To be sure, the story spread, and the only wonder was that I had not heard of it before.

When all had been explained we proceeded to make merry, and I believe I am safe in stating that among the many people present there was not one merrier or happier than myself. I had discovered that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and now I would not go back to my old life for the greatest fortune on earth. Should a stingy man chance to read this story, I advise him to try my plan and he will never regret it.

A GENEROUS GIVER.

Martin E. Gray, of Ohio (we do not give his post office address, lest he be pestered with all sorts of appeals), is one of the most remarkable givers of our time. Many years ago he promised the Lord that, if he should be spared to a good old age, he would endeavor to give to the cause of Christ not less than $100,000. He is now nearly eighty years old, and has almost reached his great aim. To the Home Mission Society, in January, he sent a New Year's gift of $3,000, making $41,502.66, which he has given to this Society in large sums, aside from smaller and special offerings.

How has he done it? By great industry and frugality in a spirit of consecration to Christ. He began life with almost nothing. From a farm and saw-mill, chiefly, have come his resources. He lives and dresses moderately, that he may give more to promote Christ's cause on the earth. This is his chief joy. And, if there is a happier man, in the best sense of the word, than Martin E. Gray, of Ohio, at the age of eighty, we know not where to find him. He has the consciousness of having honored God with his substance in an unusual degree. While there are men of larger resources who have given more than he, yet, in proportion to his ability, he far outranks them as a generous giver, for the true standard of measurement is not simply the amount a man gives, but what relation this bears to his ability to give. Honor the devoted man who thus honors God.

In a letter written about three years ago to the Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Society Brother Gray wrote:

"I received much inspiration in reading the life of J. S. Cob, of Boston, who gave $50,000 for benevolence, but I never expected to be able to give one-half that amount; but I am very thankful that the Lord has so abundantly blessed the labors of my hands that I have been able to give to advance his cause $75,904 up to January 1, 1889. I practice the most rigid economy, as you will see when I tell you that during the past two years I have given over $12,000 for the Master and about $500 for my board, clothes, books, papers, and attending our anniversaries at Minneapolis and Washington, and our State Convention and other missionary meetings.

"I think the Master has called me to this work, and woe be to me if I do not obey. I love the work, and am willing to make sacrifice of many good things of this life if it can be the means of winning souls to Christ and honoring his name. If the Lord should permit me to live until I am eighty years of age, and should bless the labors of my hands in the future as in the past, I would be able to bring the amount for benevolence up to $100,000. If it would advance his cause more to take me home, I am willing to go any time, as I know he will do right."

Martin E. Gray was born in Madison, N. Y. January 29, 1815. From his earliest recollection his mind was very tender on the subject of religion. At the age of sixteen he was deeply concerned about his soul's salvation, and after a long and earnest struggle found great peace and joy in Christ as his Saviour. Not until he was nineteen years of age, however, did he unite with the church, when he was baptized by the Rev. Richard Clarke at Madison, N. Y. For several years he was in poor health. And now we quote from a brief biographical sketch which he was induced to prepare for a friend, and which we are permitted to use:

"These were years of great anxiety that I might be restored to health in order to do some good in the world for the Master. As I could not preach, I knew if I could work I could earn money to sustain those that we called to preach the Gospel, as this appeared to be the means the Lord had appointed to save those that believe. It was my prayer in secret from day to day that I might be restored to health; and I told him if he would restore me I would consecrate one-tenth of my earnings to his service, that I would not follow the passions or follies of this world. I asked not for riches or honors of the world, but that I might be an instrument in the hand of God of doing good in saving souls from eternal death. My health improved slowly until I was 25 years old, when I could do a fair day's work. I was subject to my father until I was 30 years old. He would never permit me to leave him, as it seemed he could not get along without me.

"In my thirtieth year I married one of the best girls in the State of Ohio, and took her into the family to do the work for the whole household (as my mother's health was poor). My father gave me a pair of steers which I broke and kept till they were oxen, which I sold for $50 when I was about 31 years old, it being the first $50 I had ever received. When I was married father promised to give me one-third I could make on the farm, and one-half I could make on the saw-mill, and I was to keep everything in repair, pay all the hired help and support the family. I told my wife I thought we could save $200 per year by my doing the work of two men and my wife doing the work of two women, and we succeeded in laying by that amount for a number of years, so that in six years, with the most rigid economy, we had laid up $1,353.

The first investment that I made, soon after I was married, was in a piece of land in company with my father. We bought it on time, and when we had it paid for we sold it and gave a warranty deed, my half of the pay amounted to a little over $300. Notwithstanding I had promised the Lord one-tenth of what I could earn if he would restore me to health, I had neglected to do so; thought I was poor and had to work so hard for what I had he would not require it of me. This, I acknowledge and confess with shame. I found to my sorrow that there is that which withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty. The title to the land that we sold was disputed, and was put into court to be decided; and after continuing in law some ten years was decided against us; and I had to pay about $2,000 to settle it all alone as father was getting old and took no interest in it.

"This I considered the chastening hand of my heavenly Father for my disobedience in not paying my vows unto him. I was constantly meeting with smaller losses. Everything seemed to go wrong. I made up my mind that I must fulfil the promise I had made to my heavenly Father, not on account of his chastening hand, but because it was a duty to perform—the vow that I had made; and I commenced at once to pay the one-tenth of my earnings to the different benevolent objects of the day, notwithstanding I was in debt on account of this great loss and my property was mortgaged to secure the payment. Yet I kept my payments all up, and the last payment was met more than one year before it became due. I felt that there is that scattereth and yet increaseth. The Lord blessed the labors of my hands continually, and I thought one-tenth was too small a portion to give, considering the constantly increasing demand for money to carry forward the work of the various benevolent enterprises of the day, and that I would give one-fifth of my income until I was worth a certain amount, and then I would give all, except a plain, prudent living. And much sooner than I expected was that amount reached and $7.00 over. I collected $1,000 immediately, and sent it to the treasurer of the Home Mission Society, it being the largest amount I had ever paid at one time for benevolence. I feel just as anxious to make money now as ever, not that I may follow the fashions and follies of the world, not that I may have a name of being benevolent, but that I may win souls for Christ. My motto, is 'one more soul for Jesus.'

"What I have has been made by farming, including a saw-mill on the farm that we run in wet weather when we cannot work on the farm. When I figure up the amount at the end of the year that I have paid for the different benevolent objects of the day, it is very strange where the money comes from; it seems almost a miracle. I send the amount of my free-will offering, not boasting, but with the prayer that the Lord will bless it to his own honor and glory, and that I may be an instrument in his hands of saving souls."

A LESSON OF SPRING.

We walked with silent tread
The "city of the dead"
(My little maiden prattling merrily),
The air was warm and stilled,
Yet earth and air were thrilled
With Spring's exultant breath of prophecy.

And all the smiling sod
Sent incense up to God
From wild white Easter lillies, small and sweet,
Each holding gladly up
Her pale and pearly cup
Set 'round with dew-drops, in a crown complete.

Faint clanging overhead
The pilot wild-fowl led
His columns, like a wish-bone flung on high,
'Till, far against the blue,
They melted out of view,
Winging their way along the trackless sky.

With blue eyes wonder-wide
My little maiden cried,
"Who telled the lilies it was time to come?"
"The One Who sends the word
To every exiled bird,
That he may seek again his northern home.

"The One Who conquered Death
To justify our faith
Will call us from the grave, like Easter flowers;
Will guide our spirits forth
Like wild-birds from the north,
Till the eternal joys of heaven are ours."

—*Mrs. McVean-Adams, in Youth's Companion.*

MRS. F. E. CLARK.

In view of the great Convention so soon to be held in Montreal, *Messenger* readers will be interested in a portrait and sketch of the wife of "Father Endeavor" Clark, whose name is honored by all Endeavorers equally with that of her honored husband. The portrait, according to the *Golden Rule*, from which we take the sketch, is the best to be obtained but does scant justice to her.

Mrs. Clark, in the days when she was Harriet Abbot, was a school-teacher at Andover, Mass. She is from a generation of preachers. Her father was a New Hampshire pastor, who died when she was quite young. Her grandfather and great-grandfather were clergymen, also.

As a school-teacher Miss Abbott showed the same ardent love for children that still possesses her. It is a delight to watch her with them. Her rich fund of humor, imagination, and sympathy draws them to her in crowds. A friend says of her: "Wherever she went, children came to the surface as if by magic. It was wonderful how many she could find, and how easily she made them do her bidding and moulded them according to her will. No sooner had she gathered them about her than she organized them for singing or for some kind of work." Those who read her delightful travel sketches in the *Golden Rule* have many illustrations of this. Chinese urchins, toddling Japs, shy-faced Hindoo maidens, make friends instinctively with the bright-eyed foreign lady, and chatter away to her as if to a friend long known.

Dr. Clark himself has said that his wife "rocked the cradle in which the Christian Endeavor Society was born." Four years before that eventful second of February, 1881, Mrs. Clark organized the "Mizpah Circle." This may well be called the first Junior society, though not yet of "Christian Endeavor,"—with the capital letters, at any rate. This was a missionary society for the children. Christian Endeavor began in a revival; it began also with missions. It has remained true to both beginnings.

"Mizpah" means watch-tower, a look-out. How significant the name, in view of the thousands of lookout committees to come, and the wide and beautiful use of the "Mizpah benediction." "Mizpah was the bud," says Mr. Pratt; "Christian Endeavor was the blossom. In the former were embodied all the fundamental ideas which were unfolded and developed in the latter,—the ideas of witness or testimony, of mutual watchfulness,—to 'look out' for each other,—of fellowship and service."

This Mizpah Circle of Mrs. Clark was faithful to its church. To quote again from Dr. Clark's successor at Portland: "The stained-glass window in the front of Williston church is a memorial to the devotion of this little band. Under the wise leadership of Mrs. Clark they also raised money for the 'Book of Psalms,' which, for more than a decade, has been used in the responsive service of the church. To the delight and surprise of the congregation, these responsive readings were found one Sabbath morning in the pews, ready, as a symbol of youthful love and ardor, to contribute new life to the worship."

This same spirit animates the Junior Endeavorers of Williston Church to this day, and only a few weeks ago they presented to the church a beautiful Revised Bible, for use in the pulpit. The Mizpah Circle consisted entirely of girls. It made none the less, but all the more, a splendid nucleus for the first Christian Endeavor society, when it was founded.

Those who heard Mrs. Clark give her two addresses at the New York Convention know her to be a pleasing and effective public speaker. As Dr. Clark is making a Christian Endeavor tour of the world, his wife is of the greatest assistance to him in furthering the main object of his journey. She makes frequent addresses, especially before gatherings of pastors' wives, to whom she explains with fulness and enthusiasm the joy and profit of Christian Endeavor work. It is to be hoped and expected that in such gatherings and conventions many Endeavorers will have the delight of meeting and hearing Mrs. Clark in the years to come.

A GOOD TIME to trust God is when you discover glaring faults in a Christian brother.

ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

I was not very rich in this world's goods in my student-days. I had given up a good prospect in business and had suffered some degree of hardship on account of my choice of the Church.

I had been consecrated to the Lord's service by the prayer of a dying mother. She had held me in her arms, as the last breath was going, and besought the Lord that I might be spared and inclined to labor for him. That prayer was answered. Although enticed by the gains of business, I turned away, resolved not to betray my convictions and hopes. And since God had inclined me thus by his Spirit to walk in his ways, would he let me want? No, certainly not, while it could be said of him, "The gold is mine, the silver is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." So in all my straits appertaining to my student-life, I ever found that if I resolutely and regularly laid my wants before the Lord, he never failed to send me supplies.

Before the occasion to which I refer, I was much exercised in mind for lack of about a dozen books which were necessary if I would pass the coming examination for

MRS. F. E. CLARK.

my degree. I had passed all my previous examinations with honor, and had been looking forward to the forthcoming one with a large degree of hopeful interest. And, much as I believed in prayer, I could not, as a sensible youth, ask the Lord, foolishly, to grant me success in the examination if I went to it ignorant of the subjects upon which the examiners were to try me. So, after writing out a full statement of the case to my father, I left the matter until I could receive a reply from home.

The reply came, and it was unfavorable. My father either would not or could not spare me the money. He regretted his inability, but stated that it was utterly impossible, as I had cost him so much in other college necessaries. What was to be done? I thought of another friend, a distant relative, but a very wealthy and miserly one, who loved gold as his god, and to him I wrote a letter. A reply in the negative came back to me, advising me to betake myself to some honest business, and forsake my expensive studies. Thus I felt that I had—could expect—no help from man.

So I set apart a certain hour, each afternoon, to pray for this one thing—the supply of my necessities. And very sweetly did the promise come to me: "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

A week passed by, and still the answer tarried. Time was very precious, and I began to feel despondent; still I suffered not my daily hour to pass without filling up the time with supplication, that if God saw it to be a right and proper thing, he would grant me the supply of necessary books.

One afternoon, after praying thus, I set off for a walk, wondering why the answer was delayed, why I was thus tried, whether I had mistaken my vocation, and a thousand other things of a like nature. As I returned home, my college-mate met me, with the words—

"You are a lucky fellow! You seem to have friends somewhere, who think of you. I have just paid eighteen pence to the carrier for a parcel of books; they are in your chambers now. You need not trouble now; pay me by-and-by."

I hurried in, wondering almost if I were in a dream, and, with not a moment's delay, opened my parcel. There were several handsomely-bound books, and, singular to say, the very books about which I had been praying. I looked them through—there were the precise number of books that I needed, not one more, nor one less, and the very identical ones. Again and again I searched the parcel through; again and again I examined my list of friends, to try and discover who it could possibly be who had thus befriended me, but in vain; there was not one line to indicate the sender, or to give a clue.

I wrote home for an explanation, asking my father if he knew anybody who had sent them; but he knew nothing of the matter; and to this day I am ignorant of the donor's name. This, I think, was a direct answer to prayer.

I have more of this world's goods now, than in my student-days; but I never forget the lesson the Lord taught me in that time of literary need. Surely he fed me, as truly as he does the ravens.—*Friendly Greetings.*

THERE WOULD be more revivals in the church if the devil never got a chance to go into the pulpit with the minister.

APPLES AND ALCOHOL.

At a meeting in Edinburgh in connection with the Scottish Temperance League the chairman, Mr. John Gordon Douglass said, among other things:—It is a remark that has been often made, but it is a fact, that you can no more make a man sober by Act of Parliament than make a Christian by Act of Parliament. But you can make him sober by appealing to his reason, to his mind, and doing everything to induce the man to leave off that which is ruining him body and soul. A few words on reclaiming the drunkard. Drink is a mania, a madness, and it must be treated as such, and in dealing with the drink we must deal with it on this ground. Well, there is nothing like diet for the craving and that mania. A person who is given to drink ought to abstain from everything that inflames. Thirst is always inflammation, and everything that tends to raise that thirst or inflammation will raise that craving for intoxicants. A very good antidote for this craving is pure coffee unadulterated by chicory. If we can wean over a poor drunkard, and get him to drink strong coffee, it will gradually wean him from the craving. It will antidote the craving of alcohol. Then, another thing, I have known several instances of drunkards reclaimed by the use of apples, and know a case—it was told me by a gentleman who accomplished this. There was a poor laboring man—I think he was a mason—and this gentleman took an interest in him and tried to get him away from the intoxicating cup. He tried all sorts of plans. At last the information came to him to try him with apples. Well, the gentleman put some nice rosy apples in his pockets, and followed him into a public-house. Just as they were at the bar, he said to him, "Take an apple." The man took it and ate it. He saw him look again to the bar. He said again "Take an apple," and another time the same way. Ultimately the man came away without touching any drink, and in a week's time his craving had left him, and he is a total abstainer now. The effect of the piece of fruit is to destroy the thirst of the drunkard. Another thing that inflames and creates a thirst is mineral salt. I would in this case replace it by lemon juice, which destroys thirst. Instead of using mineral salt in his food, I would make use of lime juice. You would be astonished at the effect it has in taking down inward fever.

ABIDING IMPRESSIONS.

It is said that by a certain experiment you may perceive on the retina of an ox's eye, some time after death, the pictures of the objects upon which it last looked. If this is true of the eye of an ox, what shall we say of the soul of man? If on the eye impressions are made which abide after death, what of the impressions made upon the conscience, the memory, and the whole retina of the immortal spirit? Surely these abide after death. Is it possible ever to erase one? Do not all impressions, from the first to the last through life, made in all ways, continue as immortal as the soul itself? Surely, we undying ones ought to be careful upon what objects we look, from which to get impressions upon our souls. The impressions made on the soul in time will form its own picture gallery, upon each of which it shall gaze through the boundless ages of eternity.—*The Bombay Guardian.*

CHILDREN THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

The *Herald* and *Presbyter* says, a great deal of wisdom, patience, tact and grace is needed to train up a child "according to his way" or "the way in which he should go." All children are not alike. The native disposition of each must be studied, and the trainer must remember how he himself felt and thought when he was a child. He must adapt his training to child life as it is, and not try to deal with the little ones as if they were men and women. Above all, he must realize that in this responsible work he is a co-worker with God. The great common Father is deeply interested in the young. They are the hope of the Church and the world. If we seek his help, he will give it. He will send his Spirit to impart to us the wisdom we need, and to operate upon the heart of the child, so that its nature will be, in a true sense, that of the Lord."

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER I.

"Arma virumque cano."—*Æneid.*

"Man (and the horseradish) is most biting when grated."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

"Most annoying!" said the master of the house. His thick eyebrows were puckered just then with the vexation of his thoughts; but the lines of annoyance on his forehead were to some extent fixed lines. They helped to make him look older than his age—he was not forty—and they gathered into a fierce frown as his elbow was softly touched by his little son.

The child was defiantly like his father, even to a knitted brow, for his whole face was crumpled with the vigor of some resolve which he found it hard to keep, and which was symbolized by his holding the little red tip of his tongue betwixt finger and thumb.

"Put your hands down, Leonard! Put your tongue in, sir! What are you after? What do you want? What are you doing here? Be off to the nursery, and tell Jemima to keep you there. Your mother and I are busy."

Far behind the boy, on the wall, hung the portrait of one of his ancestors—a youth of sixteen. The painting was by Vandyck, and it was the most valuable of the many valuable things that strewed and decorated the room. A very perfect example of the great master's work, and uninjured by time. The young cavalier's face was more interesting than handsome, but so eager and refined that, set off as it was by pale-hued satin and falling hair, he might have been called effeminate, if his brief life, which ended in the field of Naseby, had not done more than common to prove his manhood. A coat-of-arms, blazoned in the corner of the painting, had some appearance of having been added later. Below this was rudely inscribed, in yellow paint, the motto which also decorated the elaborate stone mantel-piece opposite—*Lætus sorte mea.*

Leonard was very fond of that picture. It was known to his childish affections as "Uncle Rupert." He constantly wished that he could get into the frame and play with the dog—the dog with the upturned face and melancholy eyes, and odd resemblance to a long-haired cavalier—on whose faithful head Uncle Rupert's slender fingers perpetually reposed.

Though not able to play with the dog, Leonard did play with Uncle Rupert—the game of trying to get out of the reach of his eyes.

"I play 'Puss-in-the-corner' with him," the child was wont to explain; "but whichever corner I get into, his eyes come after me. The dog looks at Uncle Rupert always, and Uncle Rupert looks at me." . . . "To see if you are growing up a good boy and a gallant young gentleman, such as he was." So Leonard's parents and guardians explained the matter to him, and he devoutly believed them.

Many an older and less credulous spectator stood in the light of those painted eyes and acknowledged their spell. Very marvellous was the cunning which, by dabs and streaks of color, had kept the spirit of this long-dead youth to gaze at his descendants from a sheet of canvas and stir the sympathy of strangers, parted by more than two centuries from his sorrows, with the mock melancholy of painted tears. For whether the painter had just overcome some trick of representing their liquidness, or whether the boy's eyes had brimmed over as he was standing for his portrait (his father and elder brother had died in the civil war before him), there remains no tradition to tell. But Vandyck never painted a portrait fuller of sad dignity, even in those troubled times.

Happily for his elders, Leonard invented for himself a reason for the obvious tears.

"I believe Uncle Rupert knew that they were going to chop the poor king's head off, and that's why he looks as if he were going to cry."

It was partly because the child himself looked as if he were going to cry—and that not fractiously, but despite a struggle with himself—that, as he stood before the master of the house, he might have been that other master of the same house come to life again at six years of age. His long, fair hair, the pliable, nervous fingers, which he had put down as he was bid, the strenuous tension of his little figure under a sense of injustice, and, above all, his beautiful eyes, in which the tears now brimmed over the eyelashes as the waters of a lake well up through the reeds that fringe its banks. He was very, very like Uncle Rupert when he turned those eyes on his mother in mute reproach.

Lady Jane came to his defence.

"I think Leonard meant to be good. I made him promise me to try and cure himself of the habit of speaking to you when you are speaking to some one else. But, dear Leonard" (and she took the hand that had touched his father's elbow), "I don't think you were quite on honor when you interrupted father with this hand, though you were holding your tongue with the other. That is what we call keeping a promise to the ear and breaking it to the sense."

All the cavalier dignity came unstarched in Leonard's figure. With a red face, he answered bluntly, "I'm very sorry. I meant to keep my promise."

"Next time keep it well, as a gentleman should. Now, what do you want?"

"Pencil and paper, please."

"There they are. Take them to the nursery, as father told you."

Leonard looked at his father. He had not been spoilt for six years by an irritable and indulgent parent without learning those arts of diplomacy in which children quickly become experts.

"Oh, he can stay," said the master of the house, "and he may say a word now and then, if he doesn't talk too much. Boys can't sit mumchance always—can they, Len? There, kiss your poor old father, and get away, and keep quiet."

Lady Jane made one of many fruitless efforts on behalf of discipline.

"I think, dear, as you told him to go, he had better go now."

"He will go, pretty sharp, if he isn't good. Now, for pity sake, let's talk out this affair, and let me get back to my work."

"Have you been writing poetry this morning, father dear?" Leonard inquired urbanely.

He was now lolling against a writing-table of the first empire, where sheets of paper lay like fallen leaves among Japanese bronzes, old and elaborate candlesticks, grotesque letter-clips and paper-weights, quaint pottery, big seals, and spring flowers in slender Venetian glasses of many colors.

"I wrote three lines, and was interrupted four times," replied his sire, with bitter brevity.

"I think I'll write some poetry. I don't mind being interrupted. May I have your ink?"

"No, you may not!" roared the master of the house and of the inkpot of priceless china which Leonard had seized. "Now, be off to the nursery!"

"I won't touch anything. I am going to draw out of the window," said Leonard calmly.

He had practised the art of being troublesome to the verge of expulsion ever since he had had a whim of his own, and as skilfully as he played other games. He was seated among the cushions of the oriel window-seat (colored rays from coats-of-arms in the upper panes falling on his fair hair with a fanciful effect of canonizing him for his sudden goodness) almost before his father could reply.

"I advise you to stay there, and to keep quiet."

Lady Jane took up the broken thread of conversation in despair.

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Yes, years ago."

"You know I never saw either. Your sister was much older than you; wasn't she?"

"The shadows move so on the grass, and the elms have so many branches, I think I shall turn round and draw the fireplace," murmured Leonard.

"Ten years. You may be sure, if I had been grown up I should never have allowed the marriage. I cannot think what possessed my father—"

"I am doing the inscription! I can print old English. What does L diphthong Æ—T—U—S—mean?" said Leonard.

"It means joyful, contented, happy.—I was at Eton at the time. Disastrous ill-luck!"

Are there any children?"

"One son. And to crown all, his regiment is at Asholt. Nice family party!"

"A young man! Has he been well brought up?"

"What does—"

"Will you hold your tongue, Leonard?—Is he likely to have been well brought up? However, he's 'in the Service,' as they say. I wish it didn't make one think of flunkeys, what with the word Service, and the liveries (I mean uniforms), and the legs, and shoulders, and swagger, and tag-rags, and epaulettes, and the fatiguing alertness and attentiveness of 'men in the Service.'"

The master of the house spoke with the pettish accent of one who says what he does not mean, partly for lack of something better to do, and partly to avenge some inward vexation upon his hearers. He lounged languidly on a couch, but Lady Jane sat upright, and her eyes gave an unwonted flash. She came of an ancient Scottish race, that had shed its blood like water on many a battlefield, generations before the family of her English husband had become favorites at the Court of the Tudors.

"I have so many military belongings, both in the past and the present, that I have respect for the Service—"

He got up and patted her head and smiled.

"I beg your pardon, my child. *Et ego*"—and he looked at Uncle Rupert, who looked sadly back again; "but you must make allowances for me. Asholt camp has been a thorn in my side from the first. And now to have the barrack-master, and the youngest subaltern of a marching regiment—"

"He's our nephew, Rupert!

"Mine—not yours. You've nothing to do with him, thank goodness!"

"Your people are my people. Now, do not worry yourself. Of course I shall call on your sister at once. Will they be here for some time?"

"Five years, you may depend. He's just the sort of man to wedge himself into a snug berth at Asholt. You're an angel, Jane; you always are. But fighting ancestors is one thing; a barrack-master brother-in-law is another."

"Has he done any fighting?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Bemedalled like that Guy Fawkes General in the pawnbroker's window that Len was so charmed by. But, my dear, I assure you—"

"I only just want to know what S—O—R—T—E—M—E—A—means" Leonard hastily broke in. "I've done it all now, and shan't want to know anything more."

"'*Sorte mea*' is Latin for 'My fate,' or 'My lot in life.' '*Lætus sorte mea*' means 'Happy in my lot.' It is our family motto. Now, if you ask another question, off you go! After all, Jane, you must allow it's about as hard lines as could be, to have a few ancestral acres and a nice old place in one of the quietest, quaintest corners of old England; and for Government to come and plant a Camp of Instruction, as they call it, and pour in tribes of savages in war-paint to build wigwams within a couple of miles of your lodge-gates!"

She laughed heartily.

"Dear Rupert! You are a born poet! You do magnify your woes so grandly. What was the brother-in-law like when you saw him;"

"Oh, the regular type. Hair cut like a pauper, or a convict" (the master of the house tossed his own locks as he spoke), "big, swaggering sort of fellow, swallowed the poker and not digested it, rather good features, acclimatized complexion, tight fit of red-hot cloth, and general pipeclay."

"Then he must be a sapper!" Leonard announced, as he advanced with a firm step and kindling eyes from the window. "Jemima's other brother is a gunner. He dresses in blue. But they both pipeclay their gloves, and I pipeclayed mine this morning, when she did the hearth. You've no idea how nasty they look while it's wet, but they dry as white as snow, only mine fell among the cinders. The sapper is very kind, both to her and to me. He gave her a brooch, and he is making me a wooden fort to put my cannon in. But the gunner is such a funny man! I said to him, 'Gunner, why do you wear white gloves?' and he said, 'Young gentleman, why does a miller wear a white hat?' He's very funny. But I think I like the tidy one best of all. He is so very beautiful, and I should think he must be very brave."

That Leonard was permitted to deliver himself of this speech without a check can only have been due to the paralyzing nature of the shock which it inflicted on his parents, and of which he himself was pleasantly unconscious. His whole soul was in the subject, and he spoke with a certain grace and directness of address, and with a clear and facile enunciation, which were among the child's most conspicuous marks of good breeding.

"This is nice!" said the master of the house between his teeth with a deepened scowl.

The air felt stormy, and Leonard began to coax. He laid his curls against his father's arm, and asked, "Did you ever see a tidy one, father dear? He is a very splendid sort of man."

"What nonsense are you talking? What do you mean by a tidy one?"

There was no mistake about the storm now; and Leonard began to feel helpless,

and, as usual in such circumstances, turned to Lady Jane.

"Mother told me!" he gasped.

The master of the house also turned to Lady Jane.

"Do you mean you have heard of this before?"

She shook her head, and he seized his son by the shoulder.

"If that woman has taught you to tell untruths—"

Lady Jane firmly interposed.

"Leonard never tells untruths, Rupert. Please don't frighten him into doing so. Now, Leonard, don't be foolish and cowardly. Tell mother quite bravely all about it. Perhaps she has forgotten."

(To be Continued.)

THE DULL BOY.

Be patient with your dull boy. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth, but they strike their roots deep. Dryden and Smith were dull boys. So was Goldsmith; so was Gibbon; so was Sir Walter Scott. Isaac Barrow was so stupid in his early years that his father once said that if God took away any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIO EWING.

CHAPTER I.—*(Continued.)*

The child was naturally brave; but the elements of excitement and uncertainty in his up-bringing were producing their natural results in a nervous and unequable temperament. It is not the least serious of the evils of being "spoilt," though, perhaps, the most seldom recognized. Many a fond parent justly fears to overdo "lessons" who is surprisingly blind to the brain-fag that comes from the strain to live at grown-up people's level; and to the nervous exhaustion produced in children, no less than in their elders, by indulged restlessness, discontent, and craving for fresh excitement, and for want of that sense of power and repose which comes with habitual obedience to righteous rules and regulations. Laws that can be set at nought are among the most demoralizing of influences which can curse a nation; and their effects are hardly less disastrous in the nursery. Moreover, an uncertain discipline is apt to take even the spoilt by surprise; and, as Leonard seldom fully understood the checks he did receive, they unnerved him. He was unnerved now; and even with his hand in that of his mother, he stammered over his story with ill-repressed sobs and much mental confusion.

"W—we met him out walking. I m—mean we were out walking. He was out riding. He looked like a picture in my t—t—tales from Froissart. He had a very curious kind of a helmet—n—not quite a helmet, and a beautiful green feather—at least, n—not exactly a feather, and a beautiful red waistcoat, only n—not a real waistcoat, b—but—"

"Send him to bed!" roared the master of the house. "Don't let him prevaricate any more!"

"No, Rupert, please! I wish him to try and give a straight account. Now, Leonard, don't be a baby; but go on and tell the truth, like a brave boy."

Leonard desperately proceeded, sniffing as he did so.

"He c—carries a spear, like an old warrior. He truthfully did. On my honor! One end was on the tip of his foot, and there was a flag at the other end—a real, fluttering pennon—there truthfully was! He does poke with his spear in battle, I do believe; but he didn't poke us. He was b—b—beautiful to b—b—be—hold! I asked Jemima, 'Is he another brother, for you do have such very nice brothers?' and she said, 'No, he's—,"

"Hang Jemima!" said the master of the house. "Now listen to me. You said your mother told you. What did she tell you?"

"Je—Je—Jemima said, 'No, he's a' orderly;' and asked the way—I qu—quite forget where to—I truthfully do. And next morning I asked mother what does orderly mean? And she said tidy. So I call him the tidy one. Dear mother, you truthfully did—at least," added Leonard, chivalrously, as Lady Jane's face gave no response, "at least, if you've forgotten, never mind; it's my fault."

But Lady Jane's face was blank because she was trying not to laugh. The master of the house did not try long. He bit his lip, and then burst into a peal.

"Better say no more to him," murmured Lady Jane. "I'll see Jemima now, if he may stay with you."

He nodded, and throwing himself back on the couch, held out his arms to the child.

"Well, that'll do. Put these men out of your head, and let me see your drawing."

Leonard stretched his faculties, and perceived that the storm was overpast. He clambered on to his father's knee, and their heads were soon bent lovingly together over the much-smudged sheet of paper, on which the motto from the chimney-piece was irregularly traced.

"You should have copied it from Uncle Rupert's picture. It is in plain letters there."

Leonard made no reply. His head now lay back on his father's shoulder, and his eyes were fixed on the ceiling, which was of Elizabethan date, with fantastic flowers in raised plaster-work. But Leonard did not see them at that moment. His vision was really turned inwards. Presently he said, "I am trying to think. Don't interrupt me, father, if you please."

The master of the house smiled, and gazed complacently at the face beside him. No painting, no china in his possession, was more beautiful. Suddenly the boy jumped down and stood alone, with his hands behind his back, and his eyes tightly shut.

"I am thinking very hard, father. Please tell me again what our motto means."

"'*Lætus sorte mea*,—Happy in my lot.' What are you puzzling your little brains about?"

"Because I know something so like it, and I can't think what! Yes—no! Wait a minute! I've just got it! Yes, I remember now; it was my Wednesday text!"

He opened wide shining eyes, and clapped his hands, and his clear voice rang with the added note of triumph, as he cried, "'The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground: Yea, I have a goodly heritage.'"

The master of the house held out his arms without speaking; but when Leonard had climbed back into them, he stroked the child's hair slowly and said, "Is that your Wednesday text?"

"Last Wednesday's. I learn a text every day. Jemima sets them. She says her grandmother made her learn texts when she was a little girl. Now, father dear, I'll tell you what I wish you would do; and do it at once—this very minute.'

"That is generally the date of your desires. What is it?"

"I don't know what you are talking about, but I know what I want. Now you and I are all alone to our very selves, I want you to come to the organ, and put that text to music like the anthem you made out of those texts mother chose for you for the harvest festival. I'll tell you the words for fear you don't quite remember them, and I'll blow the bellows. You may play on all-fours with both your feet and hands; you may pull out trumpet handle; you may make as much noise as ever you like—you'll see how I'll blow!"

. . . . . .

Satisfied by the sounds of music that the two were happy, Lady Jane was in no haste to go back to the library; but, when she did return, Leonard greeted her warmly.

He was pumping at the bellows handle of the chamber organ, before which sat the master of the house, not a ruffle on his brow, playing with "all fours," and singing as he played.

Leonard's cheeks were flushed, and he cried impatiently,—

"Mother! mother dear! I've been wanting you ever so long! Father has set my text to music, and I want you to hear it; but I want to sit by him and sing too. So you must come and blow."

"Nonsense, Leonard! Your mother must do nothing of the sort. Jane,—listen to this!—In a fa—air grou—nd. Bit of pure melody, that, eh? The land flowing with milk and honey seems to stretch before one's eyes—"

"No! father that is unfair. You are not to tell her bits in the middle. Begin at the beginning, and—mother dear, will you blow, and let me sing?"

"He does poke with his spear in battle, I do believe; but he didn't poke us."

"Certainly. Yes, Rupert, please. I've done it before; and my back isn't aching to-day. Do let me?"

"Yes, do let her," said Leonard, conclusively; and he swung himself up into the seat beside his father without more ado.

"Now, father, begin! Mother, listen! And when it comes to 'Yea,' and I pull trumpet handle out, blow as hard as ever you can. This first bit—when he plays, is very gentle, and quite easy to blow.

Deep breathing of the organ filled a brief silence, then a prelude stole about the room. Leonard's eyes devoured his father's face, and the master of the house looking down on him, with the double complacency of father and composer, began to sing:

"'The lot—the lot is fallen un-to me;'" and, his mouth wide-parted with smiles, Leonard sang also: "'The lot—the lot is fallen—fallen un-to me.'"

"'In a fa—air ground.'"

"'Yea!' (Now, mother dear, blow! and fancy you hear trumpets)."

"'Yea'! YEA! I have a good-ly her—i—tage!'"

And after Lady Jane had ceased to blow, and the musician to make music, Leonard still danced and sang wildly about the room.

"Isn't it splendid, mother? Father and I made it together out of my Wednesday text. Uncle Rupert, can you hear it? I don't think you can. I believe you are dead and deaf, though you seem to see."

And standing face to face with the young cavalier, Leonard sang his Wednesday text all through.

"'The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground': yea, I have a goodly heritage.'"

But Uncle Rupert spoke no word to his young kinsman, though he still "seemed to see" through eyes drowned in tears.

(To be Continued.)

A BOY'S COVENANT.

Do you know what a covenant means? It is an agreement between two persons. Now the agreement we are going to speak about was made by a little boy named Zinzendorf, who was born nearly two hundred years ago.

Zinzendorf was the son of rich and noble parents, who would have had many temptations, but when he was only four or five years old he began to love to talk with God.

He was only a little fellow when he made this covenant with Jesus: "Be Thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be Thine."

What a sweet agreement that is, children! Will you not make such a one with Jesus now?

But Zinzendorf was not content to make the agreement only; he lived daily as a child of God should live, thinking much of his Heavenly Father, and spending time in prayer.

The window is still shown in an old castle where little Zinzendorf dropped out letters, addressed to the Lord Jesus; in those little notes he told his Saviour how much he loved Him, and he never doubted that Jesus saw them.

One day, when he was only six years old, he was praying aloud in his room. A party of soldiers, belonging to an invading army, forced their way into the castle, and entered the little count's room. When they saw how earnestly he was praying, they stood quietly aside, and watched him, and then went away without touching him. Does not this remind you of the text, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways?"

As Zinzendorf grew older, he worked more for God, and was noted at school for his earnest piety. He was not content to know that his own soul was saved, but he worked hard amongst his school-fellows to make them too feel their need of a Saviour.

You must not imagine that because Zinzendorf loved God he was backward in his lessons. He was a hard-working boy; at sixteen was far ahead of those of his own age in Latin and Greek. When he became a man he was a poet, preacher, and missionary.

We cannot all be Zinzendorfs, but we can all make a covenant with Jesus. He begs you all earnestly, "My son, give me thine heart." Do not turn a deaf ear to him, but answer quickly, "I am thine; oh, save me!"—*Christian.*

BAND OF MERCY BOYS.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot on the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said:

"Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I assure you.—*School and Home.*

GOD'S APPOINTMENTS.

This thing on which thy heart was set, this thing
That cannot be,
This weary, disappointing day that dawns, my friend, for thee—
Be comforted; God knoweth best, the God whose name is Love,
Whose tender care is evermore our passing lives above.
He sends thee disappointments! Well, then, take this from his hand!
Shall God's appointments seem less good than what thyself had planned?

'Twas in thy mind to go abroad. He bids thee stay at home!
O happy home! thrice happy if to it thy guest he come.
'Twas in thy mind thy friend to see. The Lord says: "Nay, not yet."
Be confident; the meeting-time thy Lord will not forget.
'Twas in thy mind to work for Him. His will is, "Child, sit still;"
And surely 'tis thy blessedness to mind thy Master's will.
Accept thy disappointment, friend, thy gift from God's own hand.
Shall God's appointments seem less good than what thyself had planned?

So, day by day, and step by step, sustain thy failing strength;
Indeed, go on, from strength to strength, through all thy journey's length.
God bids thee tarry now and then—forbear the weak complaint;
God's leisure brings the weary rest, and cordial gives the faint.
God bids thee labor, and the place is thick with thorn and brier;
But he will share the hardest task, until he calls thee higher.
So take each disappointment, friend, 'tis at thy Lord's command!
Shall God's appointments seem less good than what thyself had planned?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BEGINNING A NOBLE CAREER.

BY REV. FRANK H. KASSON.

"Will Hamilton, this is a number one bottle of wine, but it's giving out."

"That's a fac', Will. I shay, ol' boy, we must have 'nuther bottle to finish off on."

"All right, gentlemen, order just what you wish."

"Hear that, now gen'l'men! I shay, fellers, Mr. Hamilton's a gen'l'man."

"Aye, aye, fellers, that's so!" But Dick Baker, you're half seas over now."

"Beg yer pardon, Mr. Bateman; but, I shay, fellers, I—I'm good for 'nuther bottle—self. 'Yes, I shay, I am."

"All right, Dick; you're a good feller. See! Will's a-going for it now."

"'Rah for Will! He's a gen'l'man. Yes, he's a gen'l'man!"

A tall, erect youth had risen from the convivial table, about which half a dozen young men sat in a state bordering on intoxication, and was going quietly into the next room to get another bottle of wine. The young men were sons of the best families in a thriving New England city by the sea. The hour was midnight. Each had taken turns in providing a wine supper for the company. To-night was Will Hamilton's turn. But what makes him look so different from the rest? His face is a study. It is white and set. He looks as if he had not been drinking at all. And such is the fact. Not a drop of the wine which he has provided in ample measure for his friends has gone down his own throat. A moment more and he returns from the next room bearing a fresh bottle, which he places without a word before Jack Bateman.

The wine sparkles in unsteady glasses and more unsteady voices try to compliment their host, but he gives them no chance. Standing in their midst, with the fire of a high resolve burning in his face, he politely asks each one if he would like anything more. The tense tones attract the attention of all. Each answers in the negative. A dozen glassy eyes are fixed on him

"I shay, Mr. Hamilton, what's (hic) matter?" asks an intoxicated youth. Their host turns slowly to answer him.

"Tom Wilson, I'll tell you. I've had an experience to-day." The half-drunken company are held by the stern look on his face, the fire flashing in his eye, and the low, incisive tones of his usually rollicksome voice.

"I shall not tell you what it is, but it has led me to a decision. Not a drop of wine has passed my lips to-night. Not another drop ever shall in the future. I am done with this manner of life. When I walk out of here to-night it shall be never to enter such a place again. Good-night and good-bye."

It was as if a lightning-stroke had paralyzed them. He had taken his hat and walked out into the night. His guests sat silent, stricken dumb. Not one of them stirred or uttered a word for a full minute. Slowly they found speech. All were sobered. Words were few. No one could blame Will Hamilton. There was a sheepish, scared look on each dissolute young face. In a few minutes all had vanished into the night.

A few moments more and Will Hamilton strode rapidly up a pleasant garden walk in the outskirts of the city and knocked at the cottage door. A light gleamed through the window, and well he knew that his widowed mother was waiting to let him in. She looked tenderly at her loved boy, noted the clearness of his eye and welcomed him with a kiss.

"Willie, I've been praying for you. Do leave your wild associates and become a good man."

"Mother, your prayers have been answered. I heard you when you little thought I did this forenoon—though its really yesterday forenoon now—and I made a resolve then, as I went back to my work, that not another drop of wine should go down my throat. It was my turn to treat the fellows to-night, and I did so; but not a taste of it went into my mouth, and when they'd all got through I told them my decision and said good-bye to them forever. I tell you, mother, I've been a bad fellow, and everything but the helpful son I ought to have been, but if my life is spared you'll see that I've turned over a new leaf. Forgive me, dear mother, for all the pain and sorrow I've caused you. I don't deserve such a good mother as you've been to me."

But his mother just flung her arms about his neck and cried. Her prayers had been answered, though only a few moments ago she had been doubting God. Her heart sang a song of triumph.

"My son," said she, very joyfully but reverently,—"let us thank God."

They knelt there, side by side, the ruddy young man and the gray-haired mother, and poured out their hearts to God. For after the mother had offered her humble, thankful petition, she turned to her son and said: "Willie, can't you thank God for this decision?" And the boy, with his heart all surcharged with feeling, found only these words in which to express himself: "O, God, forgive my sins and help me to be a good man!" That was all, but to his mother it meant far more than the few words expressed. Sobs prevented his further speech, but when they rose from their knees and embraced, the light of a new life shone in his eyes. The mother's heart was full. Her prayers had been answered.

Forty-five years later, a great audience of the cultured people of Boston crowded one of the spacious halls of our modern Athens, and waited the appearance of a painter famous on both sides of the water. At length a silver-haired man bent with the weight of many years of exhausting labors, stepped briskly to the desk and told, as only an eye-witness and painter could, of wonderful sights and scenes in the far-distant Arctic regions. As they hung breathless upon his narration, one and another began to recall some of the wonderful incidents in his remarkable career. Remarks like these might be heard:—

"What a will he must have to go through all he has, and make a name honored on two continents! They say two of his paintings hang in the Queen's library at Windsor, and one finds his work in many of the homes of the nobility."

"Yes, I'm told that he sailed away seven times into the northern seas. How I'd like to see all that his eyes have looked on. And do you not remember what Whittier says, in one of his best poems, which he dedicated to him?"

"No, what?"

"Why, he says he will try—

"'To time a simple legend to the sounds
Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled bounds—
A song for oars to chime with, such as might
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night
Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove
Of beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love,
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay
On the calm bosom of some eastern bay,
And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that rolled
Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)
Something it has—a flavor of the sea,
And the sea's freedom—which reminds of thee.'"

"Beautiful! And these words were written of him?"

"Yes, so I'm told by one who ought to know."

"How tremendously he must have worked to pay off the whole of that thirty-thousand-dollar debt with which he found himself loaded, when he came back from the North and learned that his benevolent patron (who was to have met the expenses of his great undertaking) had failed, leaving this heavy debt upon the poor painter's shoulders."

"He was the man who first secured a British publisher for Henry M. Stanley?"

"He was?"

"Yes, indeed. Stanley isn't likely to forget the good turn he did him about seventeen years ago."

"How bashful he seems!"

"Yes, he is very modest and diffident, but he can be as brave as a lion upon occasion. De Long knew his worth. Why, when that heroic young commander bade his wife farewell, he left her in the painter's care, while from the deck of the "Jeannette" he waved farewells to her till his vessel passed down out of sight of the Golden Horn, and he himself out of sight of his fair young wife forever. But he could not have left her in better hands."

"They say that the people of the Pacific Slope are as proud of his Yosemite pictures as we are of his marvellously fine paintings of Arctic scenes."

"Really, this is a brilliant address and these views are the finest Boston has ever seen of those northern regions."

And so the kindly words of praise and hearty recognition passed from lip to lip. The great painter was reaping his reward for his indomitable perseverance, unflagging labors and self-sacrificing spirit.

Forty-five years make great changes. It is hard to recognize in this man with thin, silvery locks and kindly face—covered with the honors of a long and unusually honorable career—any signs of the youth who stood by his companions and said, "Good-bye forever,"—yet it is he. Great are the changes of time. But greater are the changes of character. His has been growing purer and stronger ever since that epochal night. His life is a beautiful whole. Multitudes have been led into nobler, better ways of living by his kindly services. He is a minister of righteousness. His life points the better way and his earnest words are full of wisdom and philanthropy. Many a young man is better for his counsel.

But suppose that on that eventful night, as he stood at the door of life and at the parting of the roads, he had decided the other way. Would he have achieved any such success as he has since won? Would multitudes rise up and call him blessed? Would he have the friendship of many of the foremost men of this country and of Europe? Would the announcement of a course of lectures by him, with views of his own paintings, attract the *elite* of Boston? Most certainly not.

This is no fancy sketch. The name is changed, but the facts are substantially as stated. On some winter day you may see the man of whom I write leaving his studio and walking, with bowed head and elastic step, down Broadway. Or, on a summer morning, at an early hour, when many young folks are still sleeping, you may find him on the New England shore studying, or transferring to canvas, the beauties of earth and sea and sky.

Where are his early companions? Have they run honorable careers and won names of distinction? I asked him about them. A look of sadness swept over his face, as he paused and looked at me and answered slowly:

"I have looked up, somewhat recently, the history of each of those young men. They are all dead now. Not one of them filled an honorable place among men or lived to do others good. Without exception they fill drunkard's graves. And I would also, but for my dear mother's prayers and my decision that night." The good old painter was silent and the tears stood in his eyes.

May the noble example and lofty character of him whom I have called William Hamilton help us to make our own lives nobler and more full of kindly service to our fellow-men.—*Standard*.

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